

Make Me Bigger
Part 5 - The Fattest Fox

One month after part 4...

Needless to say, neither Sally nor Gina expected the fox's shirt to start breaking. The morning following Gina's stuffing, Sally couldn't help but be amazed at the ripped shirt from the neck and sleeves, revealing her friend's bra tightly holding the fat body underneath it, barely staying put as it squished her breasts. Gina, with the help of Sally, took some measurements on herself, needing her friend as she couldn't quite get the measuring tape around herself. While doing so, she noticed for the first time how much she had actually grown, skipping over various clothing sizes that went beyond what most clothing stores dealt with. After that, Sally went out and got her some new, custom clothes.

What amazed Gina the most was that Sally never mentioned what happened on the fridge that night... or every night after. Gina went out, stuffed herself until she felt like she was going to explode, and by the morning her mess would be cleaned and Sally would already be preparing breakfast. It felt like a dream to her —a very delicious, filling dream— of which she simply woke up from each morning. And the extra food was clearly affecting her, bloating her more and more, as her pants got tighter and folded her belly, while her cheeks got more and more weighed down by gravity. If Gina looked down, she could feel fat being pushed to the sides, making way for her snout, while her cheeks themselves would be visible on her peripherals.

Moving her body became even harder, with just the act of getting out of bed being a task for her. During her exercise routines, push ups became impossible, and she didn't have enough balance to do squats anymore, falling to the floor like a bag of potatoes whenever she tried to go down. That left her with running as her only viable exercise practice, despite her flabs touching the sides of the treadmill at all times. She usually stopped after five minutes, on her best days. She would lie to Sally about this, saying that she got past the thirty minute mark just so that she would feed her the greasiest food her friend was able to cook, plus a couple family sized chips bags for the rest of the day, and maybe even a cupcake.

Gina is now more than just obese, and proudly so. Whenever she ate, she felt excitement rush through her, as if taking a bite was a prize that would make, in result, make her fatter. She liked to touch her belly while chewing with the mouth open, playing with her folds and sticking deep into her warm self as the food she swallowed gave her more weight to play with later on. She loved it, she wanted more, and she was constantly getting more. Cakes, pizzas, burritos; anything and everything that was fattening, she loved to have, and she didn't care a single thing about making a mess of herself, or pigging out. The tiny voice of gluttony that used to barely inhabit her head had now drowned almost all other thoughts in her mind. That voice got fatter as she got fatter, pushing her to reach for a wider gut, a bigger waistline, that extra slice of pizza that you don't even need to eat. The voice of gluttony became the only voice of reason she needed, and she loved every second of it.

Today is Gina's graduation. The six months of Sally's "Fatso Diet" were coming to an end. Gina hadn't thought much about it until the day before, when Sally told her that they would be having a graduation party.

"I'd say wear something nice, but you don't really have anything else to wear" Sally noted.

Waking up today, Gina knows that it's coming, but has no idea when, or *what*. She tried concentrating on work, but she simply couldn't. Her fat fingers were already a challenge to deal with on the keyboard, and now you add anxiety over that? What was she going to do after this? She didn't want to go back to her other life. She wanted to continue here, to eat so much that one day she'd wake up to find herself unable to move, with an entire feast already served in front of her.

She drowned her thoughts over an ice cream sandwich and a glass of chocolate milkshake—in which she secretly mixed in some cake frosting to add more taste—.

The day went by, Gina kept eating and, out of nowhere, Sally came into her room.

"Gina!" She said "Please go to the dining room."

Then she left without saying another word.

Gina nervously swallowed some saliva, stuffing the remainder of her ice cream sandwich into her mouth and standing up. Her chair creaked with relief when Gina got out, her fat squishing through the wooden handles as she left it behind to follow Sally's directions. Stepping in, her eyes were welcomed by a floor drowned in balloons and a tall cake placed in the center of the table, with a sign hanging on the roof that read "Congratulations!".

"Ginaaaaaa!" Celebrated Sally "Come, take a seat!"

Sally was already sitting next to the cake, wearing a party hat on her head while pushing Gina's seat away from the table so it was easier for her to get down.

Gina approached her seat, reaching with her round arm towards it and sliding it backwards even more. Once she felt like it was backed up enough, she moved in front of it, lining her bottom to it and then letting her gluttonous figure fall on top of it. The chair screamed for help as Gina's weight landed, but it, miraculously, didn't break.

"We're celebrating with a cake?" Asked Gina with a smile on her snout, already picking up her fork and knife.

"And a proposal" Added Sally.

Gina, curious about what Sally was saying, looked towards her friend, her belly rumbling in anticipation of the sweet celebration.

"So, as you know, the six months are coming to a close."

Gina nodded, or at least did it as much as she could with all the fat in her neck that got in the way of her head, being a testament to the massive success of the last six months.

"I have to be honest with you, I don't want this to be over" Sally continued "I know you broke some of my rules regarding this program. I saw the mess you left in the kitchen..., well, multiple times, and I could check the treadmill history to see you weren't running half as much as you told me you were."

Gina looked down, ashamed.

"But, I would be lying if I didn't say I loved it."

Gina's face returned to Sally, amazed.

"I loved seeing you pack on pounds, get heavier, having a harder and harder time getting into your clothes. Whenever I fed you I was thinking of how good you were looking, and how much better you would keep looking if you gained more."

Sally looked at the cake, cutting a slice, serving it on a plate and giving it to Gina.

"I guess that what I'm trying to say is, would you like to stay here and keep gaining? No months, no goals, no deadlines. Just you and whatever food you want to eat."

Gina blushed, getting the plate closer to her.

"Sally, I..."

She stopped, thinking of what to say. Without opening her mouth, Sally reached forward to Gina, touching her belly. It was soft, warm, squishy, and it giggled as Sally moved her hand from side to side on it. Gina blushed even more, being amazed by how much she enjoyed that.

"I'd love to stay." She concluded.

"Great" Sally Said "Now, eat some cake, pig yourself into a whale."

Sally stopped touching Gina's belly, watching her start eating, taking mouthfuls of cake into her mouth and not even trying to finish it before going in for another. Gina placed a paw over her belly, feeling it digest and tighten as she ate more, bloating and reaching forward, more and more with each bite. Then, in between servings, she decided that maybe she shouldn't be the only one celebrating.

"Hey, Sally" She said, involuntarily spitting some pieces of cake that were still in her mouth "Grab a slice."

"Oh, no, I really shouldn't" Sally responded "I'm on a diet"

"Ah, come on!" Gina responded, swallowing the cake in her mouth "One piece won't do any damage."

Sally looked at the cake with doubtful eyes, like a treasure that she knew she shouldn't pick up. She shrugged up her feelings, it was a party after all.

"Ah, why the hell not?" She finally said, grabbing a slice. "Just one, tiny slice"

One year later...

After one year, Gina decided to dedicate her entire life to eating. She got fired from her job, partly because she didn't do anything anymore, but mostly because graphic designers are greatly underappreciated in most industries.

She packed up pounds by the hundreds during this time, with Sally monitoring her just to make sure everything with her body was still at a healthy level. If she saw Gina was running into something life-threatening, she would give her some things to do, and then let her keep on gaining after that. They had to buy new clothes each month, sometimes because Gina outgrew them, but mostly because some got stained beyond the point of recovery.

They also went on a chair-buying spree, along with getting a new bed; all thanks to the fact that Gina became a furniture crusher. Her weight was enough to crack five chairs and a couch, as well as the scale on her restroom. Some furniture had to be moved, too, as they blocked her way to some places, leading to the doorframe on her room to be removed just to make way for her gut and butt.

As to her appearance, her neck had fully disappeared, being reduced to mere folds of fat and the authoritarian presence of her cheeks, which were now present on her viewline, regardless of where she was looking at. Her breasts had rounded up to the size of volleyballs, and her waist thickened in accordance to the rest of her body. Her butt would constantly get stuck on the new chairs, and she needed help from Sally to get out of them.

She became a statue to gluttony, an image for sedentarism, and the fattest fox she had ever seen with her own eyes. She was proud of who she was, especially when Sally played with her, shaking her belly, making her feel incredible with herself. She was heavy, she was the owner of a proud, sloshy belly, and she always kept gaining.

The other day she compared herself to the picture she took when she first arrived. Slim, insecure, and feeling like she was probably making a mistake. Swiping to the next picture, she saw herself with a chubby gut, her jeans burst open by the meal she'd just had that day. Her face, ever so slightly rounded by her newly earned fat, was awkwardly smirking. She remembers that day as a turning point, and holds that picture near and dear to her heart. Next picture was her with her new pants, and her old blue shirt running up to her chest. She was a fatass then, and damn proud of it. Her face was smiling, more aware of wonders in gaining. She put down her phone, looking at the mirror in front of her. She would've taken another picture, but her figure was way too wide to be fully encapsulated by the glass. She was more than fat, more than obese, and she wouldn't have it any other way. She was a balloon that never knew when to stop growing, getting heavier with water and rounding up to never get back to an empty self. She smiled, and then walked out of her restroom to go eat lunch.

The floor tiles cracked underneath her, and you don't even want to know the sound the chair made when she let herself fall on it. Despite her own wishes, Sally drew the line on letting her become immobilized in her bed, but she'd also somehow found a way to make her fatter while still being active. Sally walked out of the kitchen, holding multiple trays of food.

"Hello, whale" She said to Gina, placing the food in front of her and returning to the kitchen for two missing trays.

As Sally returned, Gina noticed her friend's tight shirt over her belly, with some sneaking love handles showing on her sides.

"Hello, Muffin!" Greeted Gina.

"Ah, shut up!" Answered Sally, serving herself a double plate of chicken wings with a glass of creamy milkshake "It's my cheat day."